

# Yadkin & Catawba Journal.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, BY LEMUEL BINGHAM, AT SALISBURY, ROWAN COUNTY, N. C.

VOL. II. NO. 60—[New Series.]

TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1829.

WHOLE NO. 240. VOL. V.

TERMS.... The Journal will be afforded to subscribers at a \$2 50 year, or \$2 in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, unless at the discretion of the editor, until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates. Persons sending in advertisements, are requested to note on the margin the number of insertions, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

THE WILKESBORO' HOTEL,

IS now open and amply provided for the accommodation of visitors. Its local situation on the valley of the Yadkin, nearly central between the Blue Ridge and the Brushy mountains, is picturesque, healthful and inviting. Add to this, a pure and salubrious atmosphere, excellent water, the agreeable society of a pleasant village, spacious and commodious rooms, an Ice House well filled, and but little would seem wanting to insure the traveller a few weeks repose and enjoyment among the mountains.

The subscriber has been accustomed to this line of business in one of our northern cities; and be assures those disposed to favor him with a call, that no exertion shall be wanting on his part, to render them comfortable.

The lines of stages from Salem to Knoxville, and from Cheraw to Wilkesboro', stop at the Hotel, affording an easy access to the above establishment. Fare, five cents per mile—Way passengers six and a quarter cents.

G. V. MASSEY.

Wilkesboro', N. C. May 30. 1828.—844.

PHILADELPHIA  
Coach Establishment.

THE subscriber, No. 288 and 290 Race Street, between 8th & 9th Streets, Philadelphia, has constantly for sale a great variety  
OF COACHES,

Chariotees,

Dearborns, Gigs, Sulkies, &c. &c. which, with a general assortment of HARNESS, will be sold at the lowest prices. All of which will be warranted as to materials and workmanship.

HENRY HUBER, Jr.

Plated Saddlery Warehouse,

NO. 40 North 3d Street, Philadelphia,  
OPPOSITE HICKS'S HOTEL.

Where a large and general assortment, comprising every article in the above line, is offered by wholesale as low as can be purchased in this City. Among which are plated, brass, Japan and tin'd Coach, Gig and Harness Furniture; Worst ed, Cotton and Straining Web; Plush; Hog Skins; Oil Cloths for curtains and carpeting; Steel and Wood Coach and Gig Springs; Saddle and Gig Trees; Stirrups, Bits, &c. &c. Also, Patent roller STIRRUPS,

A beautiful article and far superior to Spring Stirrups.

H. & F. A. HUBER.

Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1827.—6mt64

State of North-Carolina,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

Superior Court of Law, May Term, 1829.

Barry Steward, vs. PETITION FOR DIVORCE.

Harriet Steward.

In this case, ordered by court, that publication be made for three months in the Yadkin and Catawba Journal and Western Carolinian, successively, that the defendant be and appear at the next Superior Court of Law, to be held for the county of Mecklenburg, at the Court-House in Charlotte, on the sixth Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, and plead or answer to the plaintiff's petition or the same will be heard ex parte. Witness, Sam. Henderson, Clerk of our said Court, at office, the 7th Monday after the 4th in March, 1829.

SAM. HENDERSON, C. L.

3mt247

THE THOROUGH BRED HORSE

WILL stand this season in the county of Rowan: at Salisbury, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays; at Concord, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The season will commence the 1st March, and end the 1st Aug. Twelve dollars will be charged for the season, payable by ten dollars before the season expires, eight dollars the leap; and twenty dollars to insure. For Pedigree and description of Aeronaut, see hand-bills.

STEPHEN L. FERRAND,  
CHARLES L. BOWERS.

b. 12, 1829.

N. B.—Great care will be taken to give general satisfaction; but we cannot be liable for accidents. Grain will be furnished, at the market price, to mares sent from a distance. [1 A.]

For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his House and Lot on Main Street, in the town of Salisbury, at present occupied by Alexander Boyd. The payments will be made accommodating. Any person wishing to purchase, can apply to the subscriber, living in Salisbury.

S. L. FERRAND.

June 24, 1828.—871f.

Deeds, for sale here.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.



WE just received, from New-York and Philadelphia, and now offer for sale, wholesale or retail, at the

Salisbury Medical & Drug Store,

on advantageous terms for cash, or on a short credit to punctual customers, the following articles:

Aloes Soc. and Hepat. Acidum Nitric. Ammoniz Aqua. Aqua Fortis. Aniseed. Balsam Copiva. Bark Sanford's. Peru. common. Peru. common. Yell. Lime. R-d. Mazzeron.

Beans Tonqua. Barley Pearl. Borax refined. Burgundy Pitch. Bismuth oxd. Cantharides. Cassia. Caraway Seed. Calomel. Camphor refined. Canella Alba. Cardamom Seed. Creta P. P. Chalk red and white. Cochineal. Conserve Rosa. Cream Tartar. Cinnamon. Cloves. Caustic Lin. Copperas. Colombo pulv. Radix. Colchicum. Cicut. Cox'e Hive Syrup. Cephalic Snuff. Colocynth. Corrosive Sublimate. Digitalis Purp. Dauer's Powders. Eletarium. Elixir Vitriol. Epsom Salts. Ether Vitriol. Essence Lemon. Winter green. Oleum Anise. Cajeput. Cloves. Juniper. Lavender. Origanum. Peppermint. Rosemary. Sassafras. Savin. Wormseed. Croton Tig. Olives. Spike. Castor. Sallad. Winter green. Oleum Anise. Cajeput. Cloves. Juniper. Lavender. Origanum. Peppermint. Rosemary. Sassafras. Savin. Wormseed. Croton Tig. Olives. Spike. Castor. Sallad. Winter green. Pennyroyal. Cinnamon. Lemon. Turpentine. Oxymer. Scilla. Orange Peel. Opium Turk. Pergorie. Pearl Ash. Pink Root. Plaster Adhesive. Roborans. Mercurial. Bonsall's. Simplex. Maly's. Court. Cantharis. Pimento. Cayenne. Powders James'. Antimonial. Potass Sulph. Super Tarris Carb. Puriss. Precipitas rub. & alb. Quinque Sulph. Quassia Excelsa. Quicksilver. Rhei pulv. and rad. Rochelle Salts. Senna yellow. Raffron. Sarsaparilla. Seneca. Serpent Virgin. Senna Alx. and Ind. Squills. Soda sup. carb. Spirita Nitre Dulcis. Wine. Lavender comp. Camphor. Ammonia.

Anderson's Pills. Hooper's do. Lee's do. Bonsall's do. Dyott's do. Bateman's Drops. British Oil. Godfrey's Cordial. Warner's do. Haarmen Oil. Opodeloc. Whitwell's Stoughton's Elixir. Turlington's Balsam. Balsam of Honey. Swain's Panacea

Sponge Surgeon's Soap Castile. Thompson's eye water. Dean's Rheumatic Pills. Wheaton's Bitters. Anderson's Cough Drops. Anderson's Pectoral Pills.

Rogers' Pulmonic Detergent. Do. Pulmonary Syrup. Do. Toothache Specific.

Do. Linimentum.

Perfumery.

Cologne Water. Sme-ling Bottles. Cosmetic Wash Ball. Fancy Soaps, various. Lavender Water. Milk of Roses. Oil Bergamot. Otto Roses. Antique Oil. Macassar do. Bear's do. Pomatum. Hair Powder. Tooth Paste. Pearl Powder.

PAINTS AND DYE-STUFFS.

Fine Chrome Yellow. Anatto. Ble-ching Salts. White Lead. Black Do. Red. Do. Groun.

Ergot. Flores. Bergamot. Cinnamon. Lavender. Pe permint. Spruce. Extract Cinchon. Gentian. Hiocayami. Cicut. Liquorice.

Antimony Sulph. Aur. Sulphur. Essence Bergamot. Cinnamon. Lavender. Pe permint. Spruce. Extract Cinchon. Gentian. Hiocayami. Cicut. Liquorice.

Ammoniz Aqua. Spirits. Fine Chrome Yellow. Anatto. Ble-ching Salts. White Lead. Black Do. Red. Do. Groun.

Alum. Sarcen. Alcohol. Ergot. Flores. Bergamot. Cinnamon. Lavender. Elder. Fol. Sabina. Sena. Uva Ursi.

Balsam Copiva. Canadensis. Peru. Tolu. Bark Sanford's. Peru. common. Yell. Lime. R-d. Mazzeron.

Fol. Sabina. Sena. Uva Ursi.

Fennel Seed. Fowler's Solution. Galls Aleppo. Gentian. Ginger pulv. Gum Arabic. Fotid. Galbanum. Kino. Myrrh. Gammoge. Scammony. Shellac. Copal. Eastic. Mastic.

Hellebore nig. & alb. Hoffmann's Anodyne. Hydriodias Potass. Indigo. Ivory Black. Lampblack. Madder. Glue. Prussian Blue. Rotten Stone. Pumice.

Terra De Sienna. Vermillion. Yellow Ochre. Venetian Red. Spanish Brown. Conal Varnish, No. 1&2. Spanish Whiting.

Stationery.

Gilt Paper. Plain do. Pink do. Fools cap do. American Drawing pa- per. English do. Paint Boxes. Crayons. Ever-pointed silver Pencils. Lead do. S. and Boxes. Red and Black Sand. Ladies' gilt Pocket Books.

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From the New York Mirror.

**A Brief Review.**—The present article is not a critique upon any late work, but rather a review of the retrospective kind, the subject of it being a production of no very recent date. The task of a critic is often a disagreeable one, especially when he is under the painful necessity of exposing numerous faults; but none can be more pleasing when he is able to lavish sincere and well merited praise upon the subject of his remarks. This happily is at present the case with us. Our labour is repaid by the pleasure we take in it, and it will be overpaid, if it prove the means of rescuing the poem under consideration from the partial neglect in which it has lain. There is no fault more common among the effusions of modern bards, as well as some of those of olden time, than their tedious length; but this work is by no means liable to such a charge. It is a poem of the pathetic kind, and such is its comprehensive brevity, that we are able to quote the whole of it, from beginning to end.

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul,  
"We shall ne'er see him more;  
"He used to wear an old blue coat  
"That buttoned down before."

The origin of this beautiful effusion is involved in obscurity. Some pretend to trace it to the Elizabethan age—and the nervous simplicity of the style, and the pithy brevity of the matter, do somewhat favour the idea of its being a production of that era; others however, look upon it as belonging to a much later period, but they disagree in their conjectures respecting the author. Some attribute it to the mad poet, others to the author of *Horace in New York*, others again to Mrs. Royall; but the majority, and we believe with the greatest probability, assert that it is an effusion from the prolific and versatile pen of Robert Walsh. The tone of moral solemnity which pervades the piece says very much in favour of the latter opinion. It certainly bears a very strong resemblance to many effusions which are known to be the Walsh's. But it is time to commence our review.

"Old Grimes is dead"—

This is the most appropriate manner of opening the poem that can well be imagined—it discloses at once the pathetic nature of the subject, and fills us with a kind of poetic melancholy, reminding us of the end to which we are all hastening.

"—that good old soul"—

As the first clause is designed to throw a shade of melancholy over our spirit, so this is intended to melt and soften the grief already inspired. It increases our interest in the story of the deceased, by informing us that he was good; and gives us but too full assurance that the good and the old as well as the young and the wicked, must die. From the amiable character which Mr. Grimes seems to have borne, we think it very probable that he was nearly related to the poet who has immortalized his memory.

"We ne'er shall see him more"—

This forms the climax of pathetic expression; it finishes what the other line began, and draws tears from us like an onion.

"He used to wear an old blue coat,  
"That buttoned down before."

This is very appropriate. After informing us of the death of Mr. Grimes, and also of his virtues and venerable age, bring his departed personal image before the mind's eye, which, from our knowledge how this descriptive passage is brought to delusive it is, increases the pathetic effect of the piece. This poem is formed upon the most regular plan, having a beginning, end, and middle.

**America.**—Our country has been described abroad as sterile of moral interest. We have, it is said, no monuments, none of the colossal remains of temples, and baronial castles, and monkish towers; nothing to connect the heart and the imagination with the past; none of the dim recollections of the gone-by associate the past with the future. We have not travelled in other lands. But in travelling over our ancient forests, planted by nature and nurtured only by ages; when we have seen the sun rising over a boundless plain where the blue of the heavens in all directions, touched is and mingled with verdure and the flowers; when our thoughts have traversed rivers a thousand leagues in length; when we have seen the ascending steam-boat breasting the surge, and gleaming through the verdure of the trees; we have imagined the happy multitudes, that from the shores will contemplate this scenery in the days to come; and have thought, that our country might at least compare with any other in the beauty of its natural scenery. When, on an uninhabited prairie, we have fallen at nightfall upon a group of cemeterial mounds, and have thought of the human bones that moulder beneath; when the heart and the imagination recall the busy multitude that have strutted through "life's poor play," and ask the phantoms who and what they

were and why they have left no memorials but these mounds—we have found ample scope for reflections and associations of the past with the future. We should not highly estimate the mind, or the heart of the man, who could behold these prairies without deep thought.

#### "INDEPENDENCE!"

It is a word of all others, the Irishmen, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who "love the land," or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village—such as are abundant in every neighbourhood. Shane Thurlough, "as daient a boy," and Shane's wife "as clane skinned a girl," as any in the world. There is Shane, an active handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach, to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. "Good-morrow Shane!" "Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady—and won't ye step in and rest—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!" "Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay field to-day—if a heavy shower comes, it will be spoil'd; it has been fit for the scythe these two days." "Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promis me the loan of his sithe; and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and depending on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years." "But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?" "To Carrick!—Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground (saving your presence,) for I depended on Tim Javis to tell Andy Cappier, the brougham-maker, to do my shoes; and bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it." Where's your pretty wife, Shane?" "She's in all the woe o' the world, Ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, tho' I'm not in the fault this time, any how: the child's taken the small pox, and she depended on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pox, and I depended on Kitte Cackle, the laimer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her Bachelor—but out o' sight out o' mind—the never a word she could him about it; and the baby has got it natural, and the woman's in heart trouble (to say nothing o' myself)—and it the first, and all." "I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men." "That's a true word, my lady—only she's fidgetty like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough, and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing." "I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane?" "Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that too—I depended on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot; but where's the good? says I, sure he'll bring it next time." "I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the cottage, at Clun Hill. I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, must take Ellen's advice, and depend solely on yourself." "Och, Ma'am dear, don't mention it—sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth, this very minute. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here, quite innocent like—Shane, you've an eye to 'Squire's new lodge," says he. "Maybe I have," says I. "I am yer man," says he. "How so?" says I. "Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid," said he; "and I'll speak to the Squire for you, my own self." "The blessing be about you," says I, quite grateful,—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it; and depending on him, I thought all safe,—and what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the 'Squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by y'r lave, sates himself and his new wife on the lause in the house; and I may go whistle." "It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clun." That's a true word for ye, Ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a friend to depend on."—*Mrs. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character.*

The Columbia Telescope states that the quantity of Cotton purchased in that market the present season, is not short of 60,000 bales.

**Attack on Mexico.**—Capt. Maxwell, arrived at Charleston from Havana, states that an expedition was fitting out there under Laborde, designed for Mexico. It consists of one 74, two frigates, and several smaller vessels with 3000 troops, and was to have sailed on 1st May.

**Shocking.**—The Claiborne Herald states that a gentleman in Marengo county in that State, while on his knees at evening prayer, a few weeks since, was shot through the heart by some unknown assassin, and immediately expired.

NORFOLK, JUNE 16.

**Late and interesting from Liberia.**—We have conversed with Capt. Johnson, of the ship Harriet, (of Bath,) which anchored in Hampton Roads yesterday morning, after a passage of 48 days from Liberia. It will be recollect that the Harriet is the vessel that conveyed the last emigrants (163 in number) from this port to the African Colony—sailed on the 9th February last. He states, that with the exception of some sickness, they continued healthy during the voyage, and were all landed in good condition, but that a long spell of dry weather, of two months continuance, affected severely the health of many of the old residents, and subjected them all, with very few exceptions, to the fever of the Coast; from 12 to 15 had died, but the others were rapidly convalescent, and seemed satisfied with their new abode. They were looking anxiously to the moment of their entire restoration, that they might engage in some useful and profitable pursuits.

The mortality in some cases was produced by excessive indulgence in the bountiful fruits of the climate—a Mrs. Thomas was the first victim to this indiscretion.—Capt. Johnson is unable to furnish us with a list of those who died. He understood that Mr. Paine (from Richmond) and three or four of his family were among the number.

Nearly all the Harriet's crew were sick while lying at Liberia—Mr. Phoenix, her 2d mate, (a foreigner) died.

Capt. Johnson brings the unwelcome intelligence of the death of Dr. Randall, the Governor of the Colony, sent by the Parent Society at Washington; a gentleman of eminent worth and fitness, whose appointment was a matter of general congratulation with the friends of the Colony, as it promised much for the advancement of this benevolent and valued institution. Dr. R. had been attacked by the fever sometime before the arrival of the Harriet, and was shortly after convalescent; but such was his zeal for the welfare of his new and responsible charge, that he exposed himself prematurely in discharge of the duties of his office, (being deprived of the aid of all his assistants, who were sick at the same time) and produced a relapse which terminated his valuable life on the 19th April. He was represented to Capt. Johnson as a man of uncommon energy, both of body and mind. His death is, therefore, an event to be deeply deplored.

The Vice-Agent, Dr. Mechlin, had assumed the government of the Colony, in the room of Dr. Randall, and was actively attending to its duties. He had been ill, but was convalescent. He was very popular and much esteemed by the Colonists.

A number of letters have been received from the Colonists by this arrival, with some of which we shall doubtless be favored for publication, as they will exhibit more particularly the state and prospects of the settlement. In the mean time we will remark, that Capt. Johnson represents the general concerns of the Colony as quite prosperous, and steadily progressing to higher destinies. The town contained from 80 to 100 houses, & others were daily erecting. Seven frames were carried out in the Harriet.—Great disappointment was felt by the builders, at not receiving a supply of nails by the H. for want of which they were compelled to stop work. Only one keg was sent out by this ship, while 50 would not have been an excessive quantity. The town was well defended by a fort, mounting five pieces of cannon of large calibre, among them 18 pounds, and garrisoned by two companies of richly uniformed volunteers, of about 30 men each—a circumstance well calculated to preserve the harmonious intercourse which happily subsisted between the Colonists and the natives, with whom they carried on an active and profitable traffic.

**Important.**—The Duke of Wellington left His Majesty's Levee precisely at 4 o'clock, and in less than three-quarters of an hour he actually changed his uniform, and rode through the Park! Here the noble horse of the noble Duke made a noble stumble, and threw the noble Duke upon the neck of the noble horse, but fortunately the noble Duke recovered his noble self, without meeting with the slightest accident to his noble person. This "terrible accident" is announced with a flourish of trumpets similar to the above.

R. I. American.

A gentleman popping his head thro' a tailor's shop window, exclaimed—"What o'clock is it by your lapboard?"—upon which the tailor lifted up his lapboard and struck him a blow on the head, answering, "It has just struck one."

A considerable amount of Gold has been found within a few weeks near Yorkville, S.C. and Fredericksburg, Va. We hope our county will afford the next discovery.

Raleigh Register.

On the 15th May, the Rev. Stephen Fronius was installed Pastor of the Presbyterian Churches of Bethel and Tabor, in Iredell county, in this State.

**Postmasters.**—It falls to our lot very frequently to be compelled to pay postage on letters from post masters, which they design to come to us free. This is done, by the post master here either charging us for excess of postage; or from the post master, franking the letter, not putting his name on the outside, as well as marking free upon it. The latter of the two cases occurs most frequently; for it is but seldom that we receive remittances from post masters, which are burthensome either to the mail or ourselves. The following case, however, has happened. A postmaster enclosed us two dollars in specie, the amount of his own subscription to our paper, and franked the letter containing it; on which letter we were required by the postmaster here to pay *seventy cents*, excess of postage; he stating that postmasters have not the privilege of franking for more than half an ounce.

Western Luminary.

More than nine hundred miles of Canals and Rail Roads, are finished, or under contract, in Pennsylvania at this moment, all leading to the Philadelphia market.

**Bank Failures.**—Within a short time, two Banks in New York, have closed their doors—the Columbia Bank, at Hudson—the Middle District Bank, at Poughkeepsie—also the Patterson Bank, New Jersey.

**"Reform!"**—The Mansfield Ohio Gazette states, that the young gentlemen in the neighborhood where the young ladies have resolved not to receive the addresses of any young gentlemen who is in the habit of using spirituous liquors, have resolved that they will not seriously pay their addresses to any young lady who wears corsets!

It is said to be doubtful which destroys most lives liquor or corsets.

On Sunday last, three white children and one colored boy, went to bathe in Neuse River, at the head of Col. William Hinton's Mill-pond, in this county. The two youngest white boys and the colored one hurried to the water, while the oldest stopped to gather some fruit. When he arrived at the river, he found the clothes of the other boys, but saw nothing of them. After considerable search, the dead body of one was found in the water. The others had not been found, when we heard last, though no doubt is entertained of their having been also drowned. The white boys were sons of Burwell Temple and Peterson Hill, dec.—the negro belonged to Aaron Rogers.

R. A. Register.

**Dreadful Accident.**—On the afternoon of last Sunday, an accident of a melancholy nature occurred near the village of Bolivar, by which no less than four young persons in the bloom of youth were hurried into eternity. The only particulars we have been able to collect are, that eight young men and women were in a canoe on a mill dam near that place, that one of the men for the purpose of frightening the girls commenced rocking the craft,—that it unexpectedly filled with water and sunk—four of the number succeeded in saving themselves; the others, three sisters named Beams, and the young man named Kizer, who was the cause of the sinking, were drowned!

Blairsville, (Pa.) Recorder.

The Huntingdon Gazette announces that the spring militia trainings were attended by nothing unusual, except the substitution of canes for corn stalks.

At a masquerade lately given by the Austrian Ambassador at Pera, (Constantinople) there were two Arab masques, who mixed very freely with the company, and made themselves very agreeable. It was found out that those two Arabs were the Sultan and his confidential favorite. An Ottoman leader masquerading at the house of an European is something new.

**Valuable Anecdote.**—The alarm which some ecclesiastics and others manifest at the idea of catholic emancipation and the difficulty, they have or say they have, in seeing what others call the justice and propriety of such a measure, may be illustrated by the following circumstance. The late Rev. Robert Robinson, the baptist minister at Cambridge, was in the habit of discussing the principles of dissent from the Church of England with some of the heads of houses at that University. One day, when the conversation was warm, and Mr. R. was plying these gentlemen with his reasons for dissent, he could get no other answer than, "We can't see it." On this Mr. R. took his pencil, and wrote on a slip of paper the Greek word *Theos* (God) and said, "Can you see that?" "Yes, was the reply. He then took from his pocket a guinea, with which he covered the word, and said, "Gentlemen, can you see it now?" "No," was the answer. The reason, replied Mr. R. "is obvious."

After thus showing the process by which the Press may be harmonized in favor of an Administration, Mr. Hamilton proceeds,

"The sturdy and independent would be turned out to be fed on such offals as they might be able to pick up, until the whole pack should open in full and unanimous cry one common note," &c.

"All our Administrations which came

and continued in power by a majority, seem to have paid little attention to a Government Press. They might well allow "that chartered libertine," as it has been called, to take its own way, to a freedom bordering on licentiousness, for they had as little to dread from its censures, as to expect from its distempered and venal praise. Let me not be understood as saying that an Administration with a Government Press; for it is the purpose of my argument to show that it would be dangerous in either contingencies."

Mr. Hamilton then gives his opinion as to what constitutes a Government Press in this country, and the reader will be struck with the exact harmony which exists between his description, in 1827, and the course pursued by the Administration of General Jackson, towards the Press, in 1829:

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# The Journal.

SALISBURY:

TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1829.

**V. D. M.** shall have a place hereafter.

The annual commencement at the University of North-Carolina, took place on the 25th ult. Fourteen young gentlemen received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and seven others, alumni of the college, the degree of Master of Arts. We learn from a gentleman who was present, that the exercises were very interesting, and highly creditable, as well to the students as to the institution.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. John Robinson, of Cabarrus, and the Rev. John M. Wilson, of Mecklenburg.

## Another Jackson Editor Rewarded!

The editor of the Long Island Patriot has been appointed an Inspector of the Customs for the City of New-York. This makes the twenty-fifth editor who has been pensioned by Gen. Jackson—whose salaries, in the aggregate, amount to upwards of \$100,000 yearly—all paid out of the public money! All these editors are chained to the car of the President, are bound to support him, right or wrong or...lose their salaries! Can impartial, thinking men, who neither hold nor seek offices, approve of such appointments?

Reform has at length reached Virginia, and has displayed itself in the removal of some two or three petty village postmasters, besides transferring the publication of dead letters from one printer in Lynchburg, who did not "hurra for the Hero," to another who did. This last act is pitiful in the extreme—as the advertising, thus transferred, does not amount to more than sixteen dollars a year!

**Mr. Watkins.**—The demurrer to the

fourth indictment against this gentleman has been sustained by the Court, by the Court, and the Grand Jury have again found another, making the fifth. The President's new Attorney must be a bungling hand at his business, or he certainly would not have failed in four successive attempts to draw up a bill in legal form.

**From the greatest to the least.**—An old man named Spinney, for a long time a faithful servant in the Custom House at Portsmouth, N. H. has been removed. His principal duties consisted in keeping the floor swept. This is magnanimous, to turn out a poor old man from the humble office of sweeper of the Custom House floor, merely because he did not throw up his cap and hurra for Jackson.

By a late arrival at Baltimore from Buenos Ayres, intelligence is received that that city was besieged by the forces opposed to Lavalle, the murderer of Dorrego, and its surrender was momently expected. The utmost alarm prevailed in the city, and business of all kinds was completely at a stand. A gentleman in Buenos Ayres, in a letter to his correspondent in Baltimore, gives a melancholy picture of the situation of things—"we are," says he, "in a horrible state; whether or not our heads will be upon our shoulders to-morrow, it is impossible to say. That God may grant me a free and safe passage from this country, is the ardent prayer of your friend." Such are the horrible effects of Civil War.

A man named Cassidy, was killed by lightning at Smithville, in this State, on the 18th ult. He was struck twice; one stream of the electric fluid entered his mouth, tore open his bowels, and discharged itself on his right hip; the other struck him on his nose and discharged itself on his left hip. Deaths by lightning have been unusually numerous this season; and its destructive effects have been severely felt in the northern states.

**Edgecombe Meeting.**—At a meeting lately held at Tarborough, says the Newbern Spectator, to take into consideration the subjects of internal improvements and common schools, Mr. Redding Pittman introduced resolutions expressive of sentiments, unfavorable to both those objects! Surely the age of the Goths is about to return: or the spirit of the Caliph Omar, the book-burner, has transmigrated into the body of Mr. Redding Pittman.

**Fraud.**—The Albany Daily Advertiser relates a most singular piece of roguery which was played off a few days since upon a man in that city. It appears that one man gave another a note for a sum of money. The note was placed in a pocket book, and when some time after, he examined it, it was found that the signature to the note was entirely invisible. The fraud consisted in writing the name with spittle

and throwing sand on it: the sand adhered until the spittle became dry, or it was rubbed off, when no traces of the signature were left.

**British and Foreign Bible Society.**—The 25th anniversary of this noble Institution was held in London on the 6th of May—Lord Teignmouth, the venerable President, in the chair. It appeared from the Annual Report, that the nett receipts of the Society up to the 1st of April were £86,259 10s. 6d. being £7,329 12s. 7d. over last year's receipts. The number of Bibles and Testaments issued during the year amounted to 363,424, being an excess of 20,154 over that of any one year since the commencement of the Society.

During a late thunder storm, in the town of Conesus, Livingston county, N. Y. Miss Adeline Cobb, daughter of Mr. Ariel Cobb, aged 19, was struck dead by lightning. She was sitting in company with a young man, (Benjamin Griswold) who was paying his addresses to her, and who were intending shortly to be married, when the fatal summons came. Mr. G. was seriously injured; his clothes shattered, and one boot literally torn in pieces; but it is thought he will recover.

"We publish," says the London Times of the 6th of May, "a fiscal paper of the United States, which ought not to be read by one British statesman without exciting in him the most serious feelings. The debt of that great republic is no more than from 13, to £14,000,000 sterling—one-fourth of one year's revenue of Great-Britain and about one sixtieth of our national debt!"

**Unfortunate Mistake.**—A Western paper says that a paper in its vicinity is to be edited by John Rascal, Esq. [Hascal "he would have said!"]

Counterfeit \$10 notes on the U. S. Bank have appeared at the South. They are made payable at Washington City to R. Smith, letter D. dated 1825. Thomas Wilson, Cashier, and W. Bidle, President. The paper is of pale yellow. In the word President, the dot of the i is omitted. The name of Thos. Wilson is badly executed, still they require close inspection.

**Rev. R. A. Mulenburgh, D. D.** on the 5th ult. took leave of the German Lutheran Congregation, Reading, Pa. whose pastor he had been for 26 years. He stated that during that time he had baptized 4000, confirmed 1600 and married 1400 persons: and preached 800 funeral sermons.

Mr. Geo. Follet, while ploughing upon part of the battle ground at Princeton, N. J. recently, turned up a quantity of arms which had lain there since the Revolution. By some accident, the point of a bayonet entered his foot, and his life is in danger from the wound.

The legislature of Connecticut have appropriated \$9000 for the completion of the State-House now building in New-Haven, and divided the State into 21 senatorial districts, agreeably to the report of the committee on that subject.

**Brave defence.**—A house on Brooklyn Heights, occupied by the children of the late Dr. Smith, was entered by two negro men on Saturday night last, about twelve o'clock, with an intention of robbing it. The eldest child, a boy only sixteen, who had risen to see whence the noise proceeded, on opening the door had a horse pistol thrown at him by one of the villains, and then was fired at by the other.—The loaded pistol they had brought with them; the other had been taken from a trunk. The youth, with a courage and spirit which would have done credit to any man, knowing that he was the only defender for his five little sisters and brothers, and not perceiving that a slug from the pistol had passed through his arm, seized a musket which stood in the room, to resist the wretches. Recollecting that he had before taken out the priming, on account of the children, he shook the piece, hoping that some of the charge might be got into the pan; failing in this, he butted his gun, and by repeated beating the negroes, drove them off.

The eldest sister, alarmed by the noise, had been heard coming to enquire the cause; when he called to her to take care of herself and the little ones. One of the negroes came up to her while she was leading them away, and blew out the lamp in her hand—not, however, until she observed he had a large knife.

The courageous girl, in spite of all this, after having taken the two children to a neighbor's door, where she considered them in safety, returned to the house: but the robbers had fled, and she met her brother almost covered with his own blood. The wound is not at all dangerous: but we cannot but hope that both police officers and private citizens will use extraordinary exertions to apprehend the monsters, who could engage in a crime so aggravated by their own depravity and cowardice, and the condition of that orphan family.

N. Y. D. ADV.

## Fayetteville Market, June 25.

Cotton, 8 a 8s; bagging, 20 a 24; bacon 5 a 6; candles, mould, 14; coffee, 13 a 16; corn, 45 a 50; flaxseed, 85; lard, 6; lead, 8; shot per bag, 250; lime, 2 a 250; molasses, 32 a 33; nails, cut, 850 a 9, wrought, 18 a 20; oats, 25 a 30; sugar, common 9 00, prime 11; salt, Liverpool, 70 a 80; steel, American, 8 a 9; tobacco, leaf, 3; apple brandy 40 a 45; whiskey 25 a 27; wheat, 85 a 90.

United States Bank Notes 14 to 14 per cent. premium. Cape Fear, ditto.

## Charleston Market, June 22.

Cotton, 73 a 9 1/2; flour, 6 1/2 a 7; corn, 42 a 46; oats, 35 a 38; whiskey, 25 a 26; N. E. rum, 32 a 34; northern gin, 30 a 32; apple brandy, 32; tobacco, 3 a 4; beeswax 20 a 22; tallow, 8 a 9; bacon, 6 a 7; hams, 8 a 8 1/2; lard, 7 a 8; butter, 18 a 20; inferior, 8 a 12; bagging, 20 a 23; salt, Liverpool 34 cents; T. Island, 50; sugar Mucavado, 94; St. Croix and Jamaica, 7 a 9 1/2 a 10 1/2; New-Orleans, 8 a 9; loaf 15 a 21; coffee, prime green, 14 a 15; inferior, 12 a 13; molasses, W. India, 28 a 29; N. Orleans, 31 a 32.

**Richmond, June 25.**—Cotton 8 a 9, coffee 11 1/2 to 17, according to quality; corn 47 a 50, flour 11 1/2 a 6 1/2, wheat 1 1/2, apple brandy, 40 a 45, peach do, 90 a 100, whiskey 24 a 25..... North-Carolina Bank Notes, 3 per cent. do...S. Carolina do, 1 1/2 a 2.... Georgia do, 2 1/2 a 3.

## New and Cheap Goods.

The subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and customers, and the public in general, that he is now receiving from Philadelphia and New-York, an elegant assortment of the

## Cheapest and most fashionable

### GOODS

he has ever had. Having been selected with great care by himself and bought for CASH, he feels perfectly confident that for like patterns and equal qualities, he cannot be undersold by any other House in the place. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. His assortment comprises almost every article usually kept in stores.

**MICHAEL BROWN.**

Salisbury, July 6, 1829.....3m+25.

## DENTISTRY.

**CHARLES B. FELTON, Dentist,** has returned to Salisbury, to remain for one or two weeks only, his engagements requiring his attendance elsewhere after that time.

Those who wish his services will please call soon.

Persons for whom he has performed operations, are respectfully invited to call on him, and have their teeth examined.

**C. B. P.** will visit Concord and Charlotte in this month.

Salisbury, July 6.—lw.

## Negroes Wanted.

**WANTED** to purchase, 25 or 30 NEGROES, for which a liberal price will be given, in cash. I can at all times be found in Salisbury, at E. Allmong's Mansion Hotel. Any person wishing to sell, to whom it may be inconvenient to make application, can direct a few lines to me, at Salisbury, N. C. and they will be attended to.

**JOSIAH HUIK.**

Salisbury, June 23, 1829....240.

## Book Missing.

**T**HE first volume of Bishop Top's Sermons has been missing from my library for some time:—it has doubtless been loaned out. The person who has it, will please return it.

**S. L. FERRAND.**

**W**HEREAS my wife Polly, has absconded, in company with a Villain, called Alexander Mullen, who I have supported for the last nine months; and are supposed to have gone to the Western District, Tennessee; this is to forewarn all persons from harbouring her or crediting her on my account, as I will pay no debt of her contracting after this date.

**DANIEL KERBY.**

Burke county, N. C. June 20, 1829.—242r.

## DOCT. M. DOUGHERTY,

**H**AS removed from his former residence at Beattie's Ford, and established himself in the town of Charlotte, N. C. where he proposes to continue the practice of his profession.

June 24, 1829.—342.

## Sale of Lands for Taxes.

**W**ILL be sold for cash, at the Court-House in Morganton, on the 4th Monday in July next, the following Tracts of Land, or so much thereof as will pay the Taxes for the years specified:

**Persons' Names.** **Acres.** **Value.** **Year.**

Benjamin Cooper,	200	\$150	1826
John Hughes,	100	100	1826
David Hughes,	200	200	1826
Guthridge Garland, Capt.	150	150	1826
William Hill,	50	50	1826
Alexander Lowry,	190	224	1826
John Lee,	150	200	1827
William Guch,	175	150	1827
Joel Guch,	100	75	1827
Robert Jones,	55	50	1827
Isaiah Stewart,	50	25	1827
James Sparkes,	100	50	1827
James Wilson, (Cain Creek)	200	200	1827
Thomas Howell,	100	100	1827
John Bowman,	100	10	1827
John Bennet,	100	100	1827
Benjamin Cooper,	200	200	1827
Guthridge Garland, Capt.	150	150	1827
Enoch Harrel,	100	50	1827
John Hughes,	100	50	1827
David Hughes,	200	200	1827
Isaiah Rose,	100	100	1827
William Whitson,	100	100	1827
James Renfrow,	100	100	1827
Benjamin Carver,	150	200	1827
William Silvers,	100	50	1827
Sam. Harris's heirs,	440	300	1827
Lewis Baird's heirs,	1040	740	1826-7
Daniel Black,	100	150	1825
Frederick Cimeroe,	350	330	1826
John Oliver,	50	50	1825-6
Benjamin Cooper,	200	150	1826
John Hues,	100	100	1826
David Hues,	200	200	1826
Guthridge Garland	150	150</td	

## POETRY.

## SONG.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

'Tis now the hour—'tis now the hour  
To bow at BEAUTY's shrine ;  
Now while our hearts confess the power  
Of woman, wit, and wine ;  
And beaming eyes look on so bright,  
With springs—wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,  
In such an hour as this,  
While pleasure's fount throws up a shower  
Of social sparkling bliss,  
Why does my bosom heave a sigh ?  
That mars delight—she is not by !

There was an hour—there was an hour  
When I indulged the spell  
That love would round me with a power  
Words vainly try to tell—  
Though love has fill'd my chequer'd doom  
With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom—

Yet there's an hour—there's still an hour  
Whose coming sunshine may  
Clear from the clouds that hang and lower  
My fortune's future day ;  
That hour of hours beloved will be,  
That hour that gives love back to me.

## TIME.

Unfathomable Sea ! whose waves are years,  
Oceans of Time, whose waters of deep woe  
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !  
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow  
Canst speak the limits of immortality !  
A sick of prey ! et howling on for more,  
Vomit thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore,  
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,  
Who shall put forth on thee  
Unfathomable Sea ?

## To my Infant Boy.

Come little smiler ! I have heard men say  
That in the looks of childhood one may trace  
The destiny of years; then turn this way  
A. I will read thy fortune in thy face.  
And now that I have shaded gracefully  
Lavater would have worshipped, and thine eye  
On mine is smiling—what doth it reveal ?  
B. Eyes within that magic glass appears  
Reflected bright ; and there fond hope has cast  
A. that we love and wish—gleams of far years  
That scatter flowers with sunshine at the last.  
C. Go then, fair child—how happy shalt thou be !  
A. fathers wishes are thy destiny.

## VARIETY.

Mixing together profit and delight.

## FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

The following neat little narrative  
appeared originally in the Massachusetts Journal, where it is said to be a  
true story.

Rose Mac Orne was a rare sample of  
Scottish beauty. Her eyes deeply blue  
as Loch Lomond; glowing cheeks,  
hair light and glossy, parted over her  
broad forehead, like folds of flax color-  
ed satin; features which a shrewd and  
active mind had strongly developed;  
a tall, muscular frame of stately propor-  
tions; and a firm, elastic, rapid tread,  
which she had acquired in her early  
days, when

"Down the rocks she leapt along  
Like rivulets in May."

Her youth was unfortunate; for her  
mother had died during her infancy;  
and her profligate and selfish father had  
abandoned her before she reached the  
dangerous age of fifteen.

Many were anxious to take Rose in-  
to their service; for she was neat and  
thrifty as a brownie, and had the ob-  
sequious manner of her countrymen, uni-  
tiated with their proverbial knowledge of  
the most direct road to favor and to for-  
tune. Her greatest misfortune was her  
beauty. Often after the most unremit-  
ting efforts to please, poor Rose was  
accused of a thousand faults, & dismissed  
by prudent wives and mothers, lest she  
should become too dear a servant.  
Scotch discrimination soon discovered  
the source of the difficulty, and Scotch  
ambition resolved to make the most of  
it.

To lovers of her own rank she was  
always winning and disdainful; deter-  
mined that none should break chains,  
yet dealing out her scorn to each, as  
their characters would bear. With her  
superiors she played a deep and insid-  
ious game. Trusting in to her own  
strength of pride she resisted their arts,  
while she almost invariably made them  
victims of her own. In all this Rose  
was actuated by something more than a  
mere girlish love of flirtation and tri-  
umph; she was ambitious, and had for-  
med high hopes of an opulent marriage.  
Many a testy bachelor and gouty  
widower, had got entangled in her toils,  
and been extricated only by the early  
interference of proud or prudent rela-  
tions. At length notwithstanding her  
modest manners and apparent artless-  
ness, the intrigues of Rose Mac Orne  
became as proverbial as her beauty;  
and she could obtain no service in any  
family where there was youth to be fas-  
cinated, or wealthy old age to be cajo-  
led.

Hearing an East Indiaman was a-  
bout to sail with many ladies on board,  
Rose resolved to seek an employment  
among them, and succeeded in being  
appointed dressing maid to an elderly  
lady, who was going out to Calcutta to  
reside with an invalid son, India !

match making India ! opened glorious  
prospects to Scotch ambition. Rose  
took unexampled pains to please her  
new mistress; and in two days she was  
a decided favorite.

No wonder the gipsy began to be  
proud of her power; for she never at-  
tempted to please without decidedly ef-  
fecting her purpose. But when was  
inordinate ambition known to be a safe-  
guard either to talent or to beauty ? In  
two days Rose was to leave England,  
and her mistress having granted her  
permission to attend the races, she as a  
last act of kindness to one of her earliest  
and most favored lovers, consented  
to accompany him. Rose was very fond  
of ornaments; and it chanced that her  
heart was particularly set on a large  
pearl pin, which her mistress had said  
she seldom wore, on account of its an-  
tique fashion. Rose had more than  
once signified how very pretty she  
thought it; and wondered if she was  
rich enough to buy pearls, whether  
they would become her full & snowy  
neck. She dared not ask for it out-  
right; and she never in her lifetime  
thought of taking any thing dishonestly.  
But vanity, vanity, that foolish  
and contemptible passion which "has  
slain its tens of thousands," and that  
too among the fairest and the brightest  
of God's works, prevailed over the bet-  
ter feelings of Rose Mac Orne. She  
took the coveted pin, wore it to the ra-  
ces, heard James McElroy praise it,  
told him her new mistress had given it  
to her, and then, dreading the discov-  
ery of the fact, began to devise means  
for exchanging the bauble.

The path of sin is steep, and every  
step presses one forward with accumu-  
lated power. Rose had already com-  
mitted a second crime to conceal the first;  
and now the hope of secrecy urged her  
to commit others. She sold the  
breast-pin and bought a ring with the  
money, in hopes the pearl would never  
be injured for this side of India. —But  
in this she was mistaken; that very day  
her lady missed the jewel, and Rose  
went even deeper in falsehood than was  
necessary to keep up appearances.

I will not follow her through every  
step of this shameful struggle. It is  
sufficient to say the theft was discov-  
ered; and Rose, instead of sailing for  
glorious match making India, was in a  
few weeks hurried on board a vessel,  
in which sixty-two other convicts were  
destined for Botany Bay. This was a  
painful reverse for one so young, so  
beautiful, so inordinately ambitious.  
She looked back upon England with  
mingled feelings of grief and burning  
indignation,—contempt of herself, and  
hatred of the laws by which she suffered.  
And for what had she endured this ter-  
rible conflict, which, first and last had  
given her more unhappiness than had  
been crowded into the whole of her  
previous existence? Why nothing but  
the foolish vanity of wearing a cast of  
pearl !

But Rose Mac Orne had a mind elas-  
tic and vigorous; it soon rebounded  
from depression, and began to think of  
new schemes of conquest. She looked  
around among her companions; most  
of them were tall and robust, and some  
of them very handsome women. She  
counted them and counted the crew.  
There were sixty-two convicts, and fifteen  
men. Before they were half a  
across the Atlantic, Rose Mac Orne had  
laid a plan daring enough for the hel-  
meted Joan of Arc, in the full tide of  
their inspiration.—She communicated  
the plan to the women, which they enter-  
ted into heartily and warmly. Rose  
might have lovers enough on board,  
notwithstanding the strict orders of the  
officers; but she chose to inveigle but  
one, and that was to be pilot !—Glan-  
ces and tender notes soon passed be-  
tween them unperceived by others; for  
the artful Rose was like a glacier when  
the eye of the officers was upon her;  
and her lover was capable of playing as  
deep a game as she.

At length the important hour arrived,  
every precaution had been taken;  
all things were in readiness. The ves-  
sel stood for the La Plata, to exchange  
cargoes and take in refreshments. They  
entered the huge arms of that silvery  
river and cut its waters with the arrowy  
flight of a bird. At length Buenos  
Ayres lay before them in the distance  
of the broad, clear, bright moon-  
light spread over it like a heavenly robe.  
—The wind died away, and the vessel  
lay gently moving on the bosom of that  
majestic river, like a child playing itself  
to slumber. Midnight came; Rose  
had an eye like a burning glass, the cri-  
sis was at hand; and all looked to her  
for direction. Her lover, according to  
promise, had taken his turn to be pilot,  
an all slept save him and the convicts.  
He sat at the helm looking out upon  
the waters, and listening to the "si-  
lence audible."

There was a slight motion of the  
sails announced by a low whistle from  
the pilot.—In twenty minutes every  
man was bound fast and gagged, the  
convicts were armed, and the vessel  
was in full sweep for the port of Buenos  
Ayres ! There it arrived, a prize to  
the prisoners ! Great noise was made  
about the vessel seized by women, and  
brought triumphantly into port. The  
vessel was crowded by South Americans,  
of all classes. The bravery of  
women was loudly applauded; and in  
three days the richest young Spaniard  
in the city offered himself to the bold  
and beautiful Rose Mac Orne. Her  
promise to the pilot was forgotten.  
The ambitious Scotch woman now  
wears pearls and diamonds in plenty;  
and most of her sister convicts are at the  
head of respectable families in Buenos  
Ayres.

## DR. FRANKLIN.

The leading property of Dr. Franklin's mind—great as it was—the faculty which made him remarkable and set him apart from other men; the generator in truth of all his power—was good sense—only plain good sense—nothing more. He was not a man of genius, there was no brilliancy about him; little or no fervour; nothing like poetry or eloquence; and yet by the sole, untiring, continual operation of his humble unpretending quality of the mind, he came to do more in the world of science, more in council, more in the cabinet of Europe, more in the revolution of empires (uneducated or self educated as he was,) than five hundred others might have done, each with more fervour, more eloquence, and more brilliancy.

He was born of English parents, in Boston Massachusetts; about 1703, we believe. When a lad, he ran away to Philadelphia. After a long course of self denial, hardship, and wearing disappointment, which nothing but his frugal, temperate, courageous good sense, carried him through, he came to be, successively, a journeyman printer or pressman, (rather on account of his bodily strength,) in a London Printing Office; editor and publisher at home in Philadelphia, of many papers, which had a prodigious influence over the temper of his countrymen; agent for certain colonies to his government; an author of celebrity; a philosopher, whose reputation has gone over the whole of the learned world; a very noble negotiator; a statesman; minister plenipotentiary to France, of whose king he obtained, while the Bourbons were in their glory, by his great moderation, wisdom and republican address, a treaty which enabled our thirteen colonies of North America to laugh at all the power of Great Britain, year after year, to scorn: yes all these things did Benjamin Franklin, by virtue alone of his good common sense.

He died in 1790, full of years and honours, the pride and glory of that empire, the very foundation of which he assisted in laying: the very cornerstone of which he had helped into the appointed place, with his powerful hands. He was one of the few—the priesthood of liberty—that stood up undismayed, unmoved, while the ark of their salvation, thundered and shook, and lightened in their faces: putting all of them their venerable hands upon it, nevertheless, and abiding the issue, while the "Declaration of Independence" went forth like the noise of trumpets, to the four corners of the earth. He lived till he heard a warlike flourish echoing through all the great solitudes of America—the roar of battle on every side of him—all Europe in commotion—her over-peopled empires, riotous without a new spirit—his country quietly taking its place among the nations. What more could be wished?—Nothing. It was time to give up the ghost.

He was a great, and of course a good man. We have but few things to lay seriously to his charge—very few, and, after all, when we look about us, recollecting as we do the great good he has done every where—the little mischief that he has ever meditated any where, in all his life, to the cause of humanity, we have no heart, we confess it, again to speak unkindly of him. The evil which Benjamin Franklin did, in the whole of his four score years and upwards of life, was in comparison to his good works, but as dust in the balance.

## Souvenir.

The following is a clear hit at that cockneyism in language, so fashionable at the present day.

## Is Being.

Scene 1.—Mrs. M.—Phillis, is the pot boiling?

Phillis.—Why, Missus, what shocking grammar you talk ! you should say, is de pot being boile.

Mrs. M.—Why, Phillis, where did you learn this new sort of grammar?

Phillis.—O, loddie ! Missus, wy Mr. Cato Cuffy he talk it, and Sambo Caesar he talk it too—and all the gemmen talk it. Strange, Missus, you shouldnt understand it fore yet.

Mrs. M.—I learnt a different sort of grammar in my younger days; and latterly I have had so many things to attend to, that I hav'nt had time to think of the new mode.

Phillis.—O la ! every body talk it now a days, Missus—dat is, I mean all the genteel folk. Wy, I should blush like any ting to be catched saying, is de pot boile, fore Cato Cuffy or Sambo Caesar, or any other gemmen. I should fraid my market spoilt fore-ber.

Mrs. M.—You hav'nt looked yet to see whether the pot was boiling.

Phillis.—What again ! I do wish,

Missus, you would say, is bein boile ed.

Mrs. M.—Well look to the pot now, and then go down cellar and see if the beer is working.

Phillis.—Do Missus say, is being worked. [Exit, and returning shortly, "as pale as a cloth"—a dark color-  
ed one.] O Missus ! Missus !

Mrs. M.—What now Phillis?

Phillis.—De bung he was put in too tight, and de beer barrel was being burst just as I get dare, and the beer he splashed all over me !

Mrs. M.—A sad accident.

Phillis.—And dat not all, Missus. A great adder was laying querled up,—I should say, was being laid querled up, and when de beer barrel was being burst, and de beer was get in his eyes, he spring like fury, and his tongue go like forked vengeance. O lud ! O lud ! Missus, you never see de like on 'im since you was being born, I dare say, Berkshire American.

An anecdote has been related to me, of a character so extraordinary, that I think it ought to be recorded. It comes from a source entitled to perfect credit. During the revolutionary war, two British soldiers, of the army of Lord Cornwallis, went into the house, met them coming out and knew them. The girl acquitted him of all blame, but he was imprisoned because he refused to disclose the names of the offenders. Every art was tried, but in vain—and at length he was condemned, by a court martial, to die. When on the gallows, Lord Cornwallis, surprised at his personal, rode near him—

"Campbell," said he "what a fool you are to die thus ! Disclose the names of the guilty men, and you shall be immediately released; otherwise you have not five minutes to live."

"You are in an enemy's country, my lord," replied Campbell, "you can better spare one man than two."

Finally adhering to his purpose, he died.

Does history furnish a similar instance of such strange devotion for a mistaken point of honour ?

Village Recorder.

What Provision hast thou made?—I remember our witty countryman Bromiard tells us of a lord in his time, that had a fool in his house, as many great men in those days had for their pleasure, to whom his lordship gave a staff, and charged him to keep it, till he could meet with one that were more fool than himself; and if he met with such an one, to deliver it over to him. Not many years after this lord fell sick, and was indeed sick unto death. His fool came to see him and was told by his sick lord that he must now shortly leave him. "And whither wilt thou go?" said the fool. "Into another world," said his lord. "And when will thou come again, within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When then?" "Never." "Never?" and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whether thou goest?" "None at all." "No?" said the fool, "none at all? here, take my staff. Art thou going away forever, and hast taken no order nor care how thou shalt speed in that other world whence thou shalt never return? take my staff, for I am not guilty of any such folly as this." Bishop Hall.

Infantile Courage and Generosity.—Two bulls of equal bravery, although by no means equally matched in strength and size, happening to meet near the front of a Laird's house, in the highlands of Scotland, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew, to one of the windows the lady of the mansion. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son, a boy between five and six years of age, belaboring with a stiff cudgel the stouter of the belligerents. Dugald ! Dugald ! what are you about? exclaimed the affrighted mother. "Helping the little bull," was the gallant young hero's reply

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—The following trite, singular and pertinent quare is taken from the Augusta (Geo.) Chronicle, and comprises the whole of a communication from the very eccentric gentleman who signs it.

"Should a man employ, or retain the services of an enemy, when the place may be supplied by a friend? HENRY SHULTZ."

An Original Anecdote.—Lately an Irish recruit arrived at the depot. A common soldier seeing the raw fellow, exclaimed—"Well, Paddy, how do the 'tatoes taste in Ireland?" "Ah jewel, (said the recruit) as I can't give you a taste of the 'tate, here's a taste of the stalk," and with his thorn stick knocked down the soldier, to the great amusement of the bystanders.—Western Times.